

The Middlebury Galaxy.

"IN THE DARK AND TROUBLED NIGHT THAT IS UPON US, THERE IS NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON TO GIVE US A GLEAM OF LIGHT, EXCEPTING THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—WEBSTER.

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Poetry.

THE KINGS OF THE SOIL.

Black sin may nestle below a crest,
And crime below a crown;
As good hearts beat beneath a fasten vest,
As under a silken gown.
Shall tales be told of chiefs who sold
Their swords to crush and kill,
And never a word be sung or heard
Of the men who reap and till?
I bow in thanks to the sturdy tiller
Who greet the young morn with toil;
And the burden I give my earnest song
Shall be this—THE KINGS OF THE SOIL!
Then sing for the kings who have no crown
But the blue sky o'er their head—
Never Sultan or Dey had such power as they,
To withhold or to offer bread.

Proud ships may hold both silver and gold,
The wealth of a distant strand;
But ships would rot, and be valued not,
Were there none to till the land.
The wildest heath, and the wildest brake,
Are rich as the richest fleet,
For they gladden the wild birds when they wake,
And give them food to eat.
And with willing hand, and spade, and plow,
The glad plowing hour shall come,
When that which is called the "waste land" now,
Shall ring with the "Harvest Home!"
Then sing for the kings who have no crown
But the blue sky o'er their head—
Never Sultan or Dey had such power as they,
To withhold or to offer bread.—[Dial paper.

Oh! unknowingly the tongue
Trembles on a chord so aching,
That a word or accent wrong,
Pains the heart almost to breaking.
Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Has been washed or turned aside
By a quiet voice of kindness.



AGRICULTURAL.

From the New England Farmer.

GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

"Home, sweet home!"
There's no place like home!"
How many respond to this tender and patriotic sentiment! It is heard, not only from the parlor, in the soft *capriccio* of the fashionable belle; from the street at midnight, in the lover's harmonious serenade to his mistress; upon the stage, and at the public halls, where music holds her devotees in rapt enchantment; but the merry cow-boy and the ruddy milk-maid have caught the witching note; the market-man, in his journey jog to the city, hums it along at morning twilight; and the busy husbandman, as he turns the rich, yielding mould, whistles it to the slow movement of his three-cattle team. But there is a strange inconsistency, after all, and practice is too much opposed to principle. The excellent sentiment of this song so thoughtlessly, it would seem, chanted by old and young, seems to meet with but little approval and correspondence in our conduct. Our ever restlessness, our perpetual longing for change, turning hither and thither, like a sick man, laboring under some painful malady, will show if our music is anything more than "tinkling brass and empty sound." This love of home must be affected all. We sing of the pleasures and delights, we tell of the conveniences, the comforts, the advantages, and the numberless benefits enjoyed at the old domicile of our fathers, and the scenes of our youthful joys; where the old oaks still wave over the pasture lands, and where the famed high-top sweeting, of pilgrim memory, once the queen of the orchard, cheers us with the remembrance of the rich regales it afforded in the days of yore. Still discontent and a restless spirit haunt us at every turn: "away, away!" is the continued echo in our ears, and an incurable desire to migrate and leave this "happy home" is perpetually attendant on our bosoms.
Look at the young farmer, who might, if he would, be happy. His prospects are fair; plenty surrounds him, and, if he only made due improvement of his oppor-

unities, his condition would be enviable. But, alas! how reluctantly he moves over the homestead, where his father and grandfather were, for years and years, to cultivate the fields, and to receive in return the beautiful rewards for their toil! He lags in the furrows of the old cornfield, he feels heavy at heart, he stops his team, and, seating himself upon his plough-beam, ruminates upon the joys and the fancied delights of the far-west husbandman. He says to himself, "no ploughing, no manuring, no hoeing, no digging is there; but, in order to grow rich, you have only to will it, and it is done! Honors, too, there crown the wish of every aspirant!" This thought at once electrifies him! He starts up in the midst of his reveries and resolves no longer to delve and to tug like a fill-horse, upon the old, thread-bare domain of his ancestors. So he hastens to his father, and calls for the "portion of goods that falleth to him," that he may depart for a different home, and different fortune, declaring himself to be tired with perpetual laboring, while others grow rich with little exertion. No parental tears, no expostulations can avail against his inclination; but go he must, and go he does. Thus "sweet home," with its three hundred acres, which might suffice for three good farms, is contemptuously deserted by this foolish and inconsiderate young man. Westward he turns his course, but, unfortunately, when too late, discovers that, even where the land is said to "flow with milk and honey," and wealth to crown every exertion, the wheat-fields will not yield their increase without cultivation; none can prosper without industry and steady application to business; and that, be where we may, bodily employment is necessary to health and peace of mind.

There are sundry causes for the above besetting evil, and they are signally prevalent at the present day. One is an eagerness to become rich at once, without the usual wholesome and proper means. Another is a contempt of manual labor. The latter discovers itself more or less among all classes of people, but affects most injuriously the farmer. The honest and industrious husbandman who has, by means of economy and attention to his own affairs, arrived to that independence, so characteristic generally of New England yeomanry; viz., a plenty to live on, and something laid up for casualty and misfortune, has a half dozen of stout, lusty sons. He brings them up in the "way they should go," giving them such education, as the common town school affords, which is competent for all the purposes and business of common life, short of professional concerns. But, as soon as they arrive to the age of usefulness, and are capable of judging and taking some lead in the management of the farm, by some luckless incident or other (it may be a visit from a city cousin from behind the counter of a soda-shop, or the return of a tourist from the Rocky Mountains,) their heads are, all on a sudden turned; their minds, hitherto peaceful and happy, are filled with a thousand vagaries; a strange and inconsistent notion possesses them; viz., that it is dishonorable to be seen at work, laboring with the hands, especially the labor necessary to Agriculture or Horticulture; and this, forsooth, because of the dirt. For the hands to be soiled with dirt, or to be toughened by the use of farming implements is disgraceful, low and unbecoming any one but hirelings and drudges. Thus, this new doctrine is received and foolishly credited. The consequence is disappointment and distress to the parent, and ruin to his once bright, industrious and happy offspring. In their search for living without bodily labor they find it too true that "all is not gold that glitters;" they lose their early and valuable habits, and contract others which pre-entail detriment to their morals and their health. The farm which, under proper management, might have supported them all, has been necessarily neglected, and run down, thistles, thorns, and brambles encompass it, and its income is scarcely sufficient for the support of its aged occupants, the disheartened and solitary father and mother. Such is the effect of false pride, and the silly notion that manual labor is disgraceful.

An eager desire to gain a fortune suddenly, by one single swoop, is another source of evil. Success may sometimes attend such speculators, but generally the riches so gained are apt to "take wings and fly away," as hastily as they were obtained.—When this passion seizes a young farmer, and a thousand *ignes fatui* are dancing around him, too often he is deaf to every warning voice, and nothing save fatal experience will bring him to reason. Suppose that he has settled down upon a rich alluvion in the western country, and by reason of his industry is in a thriving condition, abounding with plenty, &c.; how might it have been, had he resisted this love of change, and tarried upon the parental lot? It is well understood now that the good management of a few acres, even a garden spot, is better than the poor husbandry of a large farm. The love of being thought a great landholder without improvement is altogether idle. Has anything been gained by removal? Unquestionably not. He is worth no more, enjoys no more, and is no more respected, than he might have been at his former home.

WESTPHALIA HAMS.—We find in the Canadian Agricultural Journal the following recipe, which it states will cause common hams, or bacon, to have the taste so much admired in the famous hams of Westphalia. We give it as we find it, without vouching for its accuracy.
In one hundred parts of water, dissolve

four parts of salt, two parts of brown sugar, one part of Barbadoes tar, and one part of spirits of wine. After it has been well mixed and stood for several days, three teaspoonfuls may be mixed with the salt necessary to cover an ordinary ham.

MISCELLANY.

THE WAY-SIDE BELL.

"Oh! many a winter night I've wept
And smiled, to hear them tell
With quivering lip and upward glance,
The legend of the bell."

On the borders of a dreary wood, in the northern part of Germany, stands a little way-side chapel; the bells only toll when funeral goods pass. The tolling of a bell is a melancholy sound; but this, although loud, and capable of being heard at a great distance, has a peculiar, and solemn cadence, as if it knew it was never, in future, to speak of anything but death.

In a small and pleasant cottage not far from the chapel, there lived, at the time of which we write, a young man, called Paul Vanderpant. For many generations his family occupied the same house, and told the same melancholy tale, at intervals, few and far between; while many legends of the now fast-decaying chapel passed from father to son, and were repeated, with white lips, around the midnight hearth. More than once it had chanced that the narrator was interrupted in the interesting part of those wild tales, and was obliged to go forth into the dark night, to certify to the living, by means of the way-side bell, that the dead were going to their long home.

The present proprietor, however, was not one to care for tales or legends; he had no belief in spirits, and he used to laugh at such superstitions in a way that made the old gossip of the place shudder and shake their heads at its temerity. If Paul Vanderpant had of late begun to entertain serious thoughts that it is not good for man to be alone, it was assuredly some other sentiment than fear which engendered them, or he would not have made child of Gertrude Hoffman for a companion; unless, indeed, he thought, with ourselves, that there is no surer charm against the power of the evil one, than love for one another, and trust in God.

Gertrude was the eldest child of a poor widow, who occupied an adjoining cottage. She spun, and sewed, and made lace; tended and arranged the flowers, which her little brother, Eric, sold at the market place; nursed and waited upon her aged mother, or combed and lathered with her young sister, Lily. She was never idle—never out of spirits; and her sweet voice was heard, from morning till night, singing at her wheel, or among her flowers, or as she passed fearlessly through that dreary wood, where few cared to be after night-fall. Gertrude feared nothing but doing wrong. Sometimes the poor girl fancied that it might be wrong to be always thinking of Paul Vanderpant; for, dear as she loved her own little circle, she could not but feel that he was dearer than all to her; for it is strange how such affections outgrow the love of kindred! And many a time she has knelt down all alone in the little way-side chapel, and prayed to God to keep her from idols. But Paul was worthy of her, and her influence—for O how great is another's influence who loves and is loved—led her on like a blessing.

Widow Hoffman had seen a great deal of trouble in her day, and although, for her children's sake, she still clung to life, there was a shadow over her heart that would not suffer her to enjoy it as she once had done. From this cause she had a habit of talking of the world as if it were a very bad and weary place, to all of which Gertrude listened with filial reverence and an incredulous smile. It seemed a beautiful world for all; and its few days its wilderness wanderings, might be prized the sunlight, and the flowers, all the more, for the better still, wear our affections from earth to that bright, far off land, where there will be no more sighing or sorrow. Gertrude's creed was—Let us enjoy and be grateful for the present, and trust to Him who knoweth what is best for us, whether it be good or evil.

Paul Vanderpant, as we have said, was no believer in the supernatural, or Gertrude either, although the deep reverence of her name made his mockery appear painful, and for her sake, he ceased to jest upon such themes as he had once done.

"After all," said Gertrude, upon one occasion, when the conversation chanced to turn upon the subject, "there are many things constantly happening around us, which are too well authenticated to be denied, and too strange to be explained. I certainly do not believe in ghosts, but I as certainly believe that nothing is impossible to God."

Lily, who had all a young girl's love of the marvelous and romantic, asked Paul if he had ever seen the spirit which was said to haunt the little way-side chapel, of which mention has before been made.

"No, never; and I have been there at all hours. But what is it like, that I may know it, in case we should ever meet?"

"Like a woman, they say, dressed all in white, with her long hair floating on her shoulders."

"Who says so? how provoking you are! But surely you know the legend?"

"Not I," replied Paul, carelessly.
"She is said," continued Lily, without heeding his incredulous smile, "to have been the only daughter of a proud and wealthy baron, who wanted to force her way into marriage with one whom she could never have loved, even if she had not been as she was, so deeply betrothed to a brave young knight, with no fortune but his sword. To avoid this hateful marriage, the lovers fled away one moonlight night; but, somehow, the baron got to hear of it, and burning with rage, set upon his horse, and overtook them, just opposite the way-side chapel, in which the lady sought refuge. She was kneeling and praying before the altar, when her father entered hastily, with his sword drawn, and covered with blood; and she knew by that, as well as by the expression of his countenance, that all was over. For a moment, the baron was startled by a wild and thrilling shriek; and he advanced, after a pause, and lifted her from the ground where she had fallen—he found that she was dead; her heart was broken."

The body of the young knight is said to have been secretly interred somewhere within the precincts of the chapel, while that of his betrothed was conveyed back to the splendid burial-place of his ancestors; but

every night, her spirit comes to weep over the lonely grave of her murdered lover!"
"And did you really ever hear or see anything?" asked the little Eric of Paul Vanderpant, as his sister concluded her narrative.
"Yes, I remember now. One night I was sitting alone in my little cottage, when I distinctly heard three deep groans, succeeded by a long strength full wailing cry."

"And what did you do?" asked the boy, creeping closer to him, and fixing his large eyes eagerly upon his countenance.
"I got up directly, and opened the door: there was nothing to be seen, although, to be sure, the night was dark. I had, however, hardly resumed my seat, when the groaning was repeated in somewhat fainter accents."

"How frightened you must have been," said Lily.
"I was startled, I confess; and this time I took the lamp with me, but when I opened the door there came another gust of wind and blew it out, so that I was no better off than before. In stepping over the threshold I stumbled against something which lay prostrate on the ground, and another heavy groan succeeded. It was a poor wandering pedlar who had lost his way, and was half frozen to death by the cold, so that he had not sufficient strength left to utter an admittance at the door, to which the light burning within providentially directed him."

"Then it was no ghost, after all!" exclaimed Eric, with a disappointed air.
"We might have suspected as much," observed his sister Lily.

Gertrude put her hand into her lover's, and smiled. "Did the poor man recover?" she asked.
"Yes, and you will doubtless see him some day, for he never passes by this way without calling."

"Suppose that you had sat still and feared to open the door," said Lily; "I am sure I should."

"I hope not," answered Paul, "for then the poor old man must have perished with the cold; as Gertrude says, we should fear nothing but God."

Lily smiled and remained silent, for she well knew that whatever Gertrude said or thought, or did, was sure to be right in the eyes of Paul, and the young girl wondered if she ever had a lover—a possibility which she often seriously contemplated—whether it would ever be "as Lily says." Time enough, sweet Lily! Thou art little more than a child, as yet, although thou wouldst toss thy pretty head, and curl thy small rosy lips, if any body should venture to tell thee so.

Assisted by her mother and sister, Gertrude spun all her household linen, and arranged her simple wardrobe against the now fast approaching period which had been fixed upon for their wedding to take place. It was so delightful to think that she was not to be separated from her family, but could see them every day and go in and out of the old cottage, and ascertain that her mother had everything comfortable, and put Lily in the way of doing many things which would seem strange to her at first; for the active and busy Gertrude had been hitherto the presiding spirit of her cheerful home. There were one or two little articles, however, which Gertrude wanted to complete her trousseau, and which could not be procured nearer than the market town of S—, situated at the extremity of the wood about five miles off; but she knew the path well, having been that way many times before.

Accordingly, one fine morning, Gertrude started for S—, accompanied by Lily, who, as their mother appeared unusually well, and Eric promised not to leave her, asked permission to go with her sister; for there was nothing that Lily enjoyed more than going to S—, which, small as the town was, seemed to her like another world.

Paul Vanderpant prophesied that there would be a heavy fall of snow before night; but it certainly did not look like it then. It was agreed, however, that in case he should be right, the sisters were to sleep at the house of a distant relative who resided in the town, and Paul was to come over the next morning and fetch them home. He would have been glad to have accompanied them, could he have found time; but, if the truth must be told, even Gertrude was no sorry that he did not; for she feared she would have had several little purchases to make, and men are sadly in the way on such an occasion.

Lily laughed heartily as she stood warmly equipped for their long walk, and with the early sunlight glittering upon her bright golden hair. "Be sure that you bring the sledge, Paul," she exclaimed; "for the snow will certainly be too deep to admit of our walking back."

"We shall see," replied Paul Vanderpant, good humoredly.
"I would say you a wager we are home to-night," persisted Lily.

"I hope so; it is without danger. But Gertrude, dearest, you will be careful, for my sake."

Gertrude answered in a low voice; and joining her sister a few moments afterwards, they passed into the thick wood, and were soon out of sight, although their voices, and Lily's clear, ringing laugh, lingered in the air for several moments, and then died gradually away.

Notwithstanding that they are constantly together, it is astonishing how many things sisters always have to talk about—especially when it happens, as in the present case, that one is on the eve of marriage! What bright plans were arranged! What fairy tales of future happiness! How the real and ideal mingled together in their thoughts and words, which, wander as they would, ever came back to the one theme. How Lily talked and laughed, and praised Paul Vanderpant! and how Gertrude blushed and listened, and loved her for that praise. The time passed away so quickly, they could scarcely believe that they had indeed come to the termination of that dreary wood, and were entering into the little market town of S—.

Neither had they perceived how the beauty of the morning had passed away, and the atmosphere gradually thickened and darkened around them.
Gertrude's simple purchases were soon made—much sooner than Lily quite approved of; for she said would have lingered twice as long, looking at the smart ribbons and laces; but, as her sister said, it was not for her to say; they could not afford to buy any? They next went to visit the relative before mentioned, who received them with a hearty welcome.

"I think we shall have some snow," said she, as they sat at dinner.
"It does look like it now, to be sure," observed Lily. "How Paul will triumph to find that he was right after all!"
"Do you think the snow will be much?" asked Gertrude.
"Not till sunset."

"And we shall be home by then."
"If you wish to return to-night," said the hostess, "I would advise your losing no time about it."

"Let us go," exclaimed Lily, "if it is only to tease Paul. I do not believe it will snow—at least not before we reach home; we'll wait at least as long as we did this morning."

Gertrude was also desirous of returning, for she knew her mother would be fancying all sorts of improbable things, and have no rest, if they did not come, although they tarried at their own request. Accordingly, the sisters took a hasty leave of their hostess, and commenced their journey homeward. The cold was intense, and a sharp easterly wind came full in their faces, sometimes in such violent gusts as almost to beat them back again, while the withered branches creaked and groaned as they bent beneath the blast.

"This is anything but pleasant," said Lily, as she paused a moment to recover breath and wrap the folds of her cloak closer around her. "But at any rate there is no snow, and we shall yet laugh at Paul for a false prophet!"
As she spoke, a large white snowflake drifted by her. Down and down came the flakes, until at length she declared that she felt too tired to go any further. It was in vain that Gertrude endeavored to cheer her, and a fatal lethargy was stealing over her senses.

"Oh, Lily!" exclaimed her sister, "do try and get up. It does not snow quite so hard now, and perhaps we may be able to find the path. We cannot be far from home, at any rate we will be warmer walking about."

"What were you saying about home, sister? for your voice sounds a great way off, and I feel so sleepy. I do not think that I shall ever see home again."

"Hush, dearest! only try and arouse yourself. Lily, speak to me! Lily! Lily!"
There was no answer.

"She will wake no more," O God be merciful! Save her—save us both! My poor mother! My dear Paul! And the poor girl lifted up her clasped hands and wept. She took off her warm cloak and spread it over Lily—there was nothing else she could do. God alone could help them. "His will be done," said Gertrude. And as she knelt and prayed, a strange calm came over her, and her heart was filled with trust. "He will comfort best," thought she, "He will comfort them, and yet if it were His will to spare us a little longer—we are so young to die; but thy will, O God, not mine, be done!"

"The girls will not be home now," said widow Hoffman to her son, as she glanced at the clock, and then at the snow-covered casement, as well as she could in the darkness. "I am glad that I thought of their staying at S—."

You can go to bed, Eric, dear.
He obeyed her, and was asleep in a moment. But his mother could not rest; so she opened her large clasped bible, and read, pausing at intervals to listen to the whisperings of the snow, as it drifted against the window panes.

Paul Vanderpant, assured of the safety of his beloved, went to bed, thinking what a mercy they should have on the following day, back from S—, and how he would love Lily for having ventured to don't his town. About ten minutes afterwards he was suddenly aroused by some one knocking at the door, and distinctly heard the sweet voice of Gertrude bidding him get up as quickly as possible, and tell the chapel bell.

Paul was soon dressed, and went forth wondering what should make Gertrude summon him, when they had ventured home so late on such a night. "Thank God, she is safe!" murmured he. "They must have heard of the funeral at S—, and she came herself to tell me, that I might know that she had returned in safety. Dear, thoughtful Gertrude! it was a wild night for a funeral, any how," added Paul, as he entered the way-side chapel, and began to toll the bell.

It was above a year since the bell had been heard before. Mary started out of their sleep at the sound of its melancholy voice, and murmured a hasty prayer; others slept on, and dreamed of it. The widow, as she sat alone in her little chamber, shuddered with a strange fear. Gertrude sprang up from the cold ground, where she had been nestling close beside her sister, and where she would probably have soon slept, with a cry of joy. God had heard her prayers, and sent the voice of his gentle bell to guide her home, and through the snow; and she knew by the sound that it could not be very far off. The young girl felt endowed with supernatural strength; and, lifting the slight form of her sister in her arms—for she would rather have died with her than have left her behind—she tottered forward in the direction from which the sound seemed to come. Now she diverged from the right path, and the voice of the bell grew fainter and fainter; and then, again, it tolled more loudly and distinctly, and, as she caught a glimpse of the light in her mother's cottage, it ceased altogether, as though it knew its mission was ended.

Having rung the accustomed time, Paul Vanderpant quitted the chapel, and proceeded homeward. The snow had ceased to fall, and he saw, to his surprise, directly before him, a female figure, slightly clad, and bearing a burden. Slowly it tottered on, staggering beneath the weight it bore, and at length, sank within a few paces of widow Hoffman's cottage. For a moment, Paul thought of the wild legend which Lily had told him concerning the spirit of the way-side chapel; but it was only for a moment—in the next he had sprang forward, and was kneeling beside the forms of Gertrude and her sister.

Will not attempt to describe the scene that followed, or endeavor to explain, or to add a single remark of our own to the above simple and truthful narrative; but content ourselves with adopting and believing Gertrude's sweet creed, that nothing is impossible to God.

The wedding of Paul Vanderpant and Gertrude Hoffman took place in the early spring, and Lily was sufficiently recovered to be her sister's bride's maid.

EXTREMELY POLITE.—A young widow of very polite address, whose husband had lately died, was visited soon after by the minister of the parish, who inquired as usual about her husband's health, when she replied with a peculiar smile, "He is dead, I thank you."

They sell boots and shoes in California by the piece and not the pair. A man with one boot is respectable in his appearance, but a man with two boots is aristocratic.

M. GAILLARDET ON FRENCH AFFAIRS.

There is a very long letter from the ex-editor, in the *Courier des Etats Unis* of Friday, distinguished by all his accustomed perspicacity of view and telling force of expression. It is so extremely long that we cannot give a translation of it, but we call from it all its contents of interest and importance.

It commences with an exposition of a decided quarrel that has broken out between General Cavaignac and the members of the Executive Commission which undertook the direction of affairs in February, and then comments on the error committed by the members of the National Assembly in avowing their personal inclinations on the Presidential question, as a consequence of which, it says, the election of Louis Bonaparte will be followed by a prompt dissolution of that body. It then quotes, with the voucher of M. Gaillardet, a very favorable opinion of Prince Louis, expressed by M. M. de Montigny, Barrot, in a published letter, which opinion we translate, as follows:—

"All who have any knowledge of Louis Bonaparte have also much affection for him. There is no man naturally of better dispositions, or more faithful in friendship, more forgetful of injuries. There are few questions agitated in public assemblies or in the press which he has not attentively studied. Let our most instructed men, such as M. Esquirol, Arago, be asked what they think of his History of Artillery, his last work, completed in the long seclusion of Ham; then it will be seen how much truth there is in the artful flings at his alleged incapacity, put forth by the official and officious friends of other candidates."

The letter then makes a crafty appeal to the immediate want of the time, which is, not so much a man of courage and energy as a man who concentrates upon himself that popular faith which unites the sentiment and invigorates the strength of the people—that faith, in a word, which belongs to the name of Napoleon. It alone can give the popularity which for thirty years has been wanting to the Government in France. It will be a symbol of grandeur, of force and liberty, &c. &c. In this strain M. Gaillardet indulges at great length, showing that he has become a thorough Louis Bonapartist, either from interest or conviction.

Quoting from Girardin's paper, *La Presse*, the letter then makes a furious onslaught upon General Cavaignac, whom it charges, on the authority of the ex-Executive Commission, with having instigated and produced the bloody revolt of June—accusing him of having removed troops from Paris, contrary to the decision of the Council of Ministers, and permitted the erection of the barricades which might easily have been prevented—its object being to subvert his own ambitious purposes and cause himself to be proclaimed Dictator.

An alleged conversation with Garnier Pagnon, Diere, Pagnon, and St. Hilaire is cited, in which these members of the Executive Commission, are made to say that even the *Presse* has not revealed half the atrocities of Cavaignac, and that they keep silent for the present only because he would be out of the question as a candidate if they should tell what they know, and then the success of Louis Bonaparte would be sure—which they by no means desire.

These revelations of *La Presse* are said to have made a profound sensation in the public mind, and General Cavaignac had found it necessary to challenge his accusers to the point before the Assembly. The challenge was accepted by the four ex-members named above, and Saturday, the 25th of November, was the day appointed for the trial.

M. Gaillardet, with ill disguised satisfaction, anticipates the verdict of guilty against Gen. Cavaignac by public sentiment if not by the Assembly, but the editor of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, on the judgment of his correspondent, and firmly believes that the honor and good faith of the illustrious soldier will come out brighter than ever from the trial. He refers to the terms of Cavaignac's demand for the proof as a token of proud and conscious innocence.—N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

Marietta Smith, whose mysterious disappearance created so much excitement in New York, has been found in Boston. The Boston papers give the following account of the matter:

It was stated that she left her father's house on the day of her disappearance (Nov. 14th), in the Normal School in Grand Street, where she was employed as an assistant teacher, with her satchel of books upon her arm; that she called upon a friend in Elizabeth street at 1 1/2 o'clock, and left for home, after which she was not seen or heard from by her relatives.

It seems that upon leaving New York, she took passage for this city, and upon her arrival, was carried by a hackman to No. 8 Nassau street, where she remained only about twenty-four hours. The next day she went to South-Berwick, Me., where she remained several days in the family of a person with whom she had some slight acquaintance. Returning to this city, she stopped with a respectable family in Salutation street, where she has continued to remain, learning the dress-making business, until the present time.

Circumstances Mr. John L. Andrews strongly to suspect that she was the girl advertised as missing from New York, and at length his suspicion was confirmed, leaving no doubt upon his mind as to her identity.

On Tuesday morning, Mr. Andrews consulted the Mayor about the matter, and was advised by him to send a dispatch to the Mayor of New York, informing him of the circumstances, and requesting her parents to come immediately to this city. This was accordingly done, without the knowledge of the daughter, and yesterday morning the mother arrived. An officer had been stationed at the depot to watch the arrival of the mother, and to conduct her to City-Hall. While Mrs. Andrews and the officer were on their way from the depot, they met Marietta in the street, and after the confusion occasioned by so unexpected an event had somewhat subsided, all three repaired to the Mayor's office.

The daughter, at the time of meeting, had her clothes in her hands, and was on her way to a new home, where she had engaged a situation as a chamber-maid. She appeared to be very glad to see her mother, and readily consented to re-visit from New York, which she did yesterday afternoon, accompanied by the City Marshal.

The young lady gives as the reason for leaving home that she was not contented with her condition, and thought her friends claimed too large a portion of her salary. We understand that her conduct in this city, so far as is known, has been strictly correct.

THE REPORT OF THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

"The Albany Evening Journal gives the following summary of the contents of the Report of the Post-office Department, just made to Congress:—

"This report more than confirms the hopes of the early friends of cheap postage. The system, as it has been tried, works admirably.—Still further reductions are recommended, and are practicable."

The Post-office revenue under the reduced rates is rapidly increasing, and amounted during the last fiscal year to \$1,471,677; exceeding the annual average of the nine years immediately preceding the passage of the reducing act, \$6,353, and exceeding the revenue immediately preceding the last, \$425,184.

The letter postage amounted to \$3,550,304, exceeding that of the previous year \$205,791.

The newspaper postage amounted to \$767,334, being an increase of \$124,174.

The report next proceeds to set forth the condition and operations of the department in relation to the steamer mail service.

Among the most prominent recommendations which it sets forth, are these:—

To make the rate of postage uniform for letters at 5 cents the half ounce; for newspapers at one cent the ounce; for periodicals, 2 cents the ounce; and for foreign letters, 15 cents the half-ounce; the total abolition of the franking privilege; the prepayment of all mail matter; and, lastly, a change in the tenure of the Post-master-General, with a view of removing the opinion which exists, that as at present constituted the Post-office Department is used by politicians at the seat of government with the view of promoting party purposes and party organizations."

THE GROWTH OF THE WEST.—No one remarks the editor of the Cincinnati Atlas, who is not on the spot, can form an idea of the rapidity and completeness with which towns and settlements have been made on the Upper Mississippi. During the season past, four steamboats have run regularly to the Falls of St. Anthony, and had more business than they could do. A new boat has been procured, and five boats will run to the Falls next spring. When we consider that the Falls of St. Anthony are seven hundred miles above St. Louis, in the heart of what was recently the Indian country, we can understand that such a business now is a wonderful fact. Such facts, however, are constantly occurring. The flood of emigration is spreading over the far North-West with restless energy. At the Falls of St. Croix, sixty miles north of St. Anthony, there is a great dam erected, which is calculated for fifteen saw mills. The country is full of fine timber, and the lumber business is now the principal pursuit there. At the mouth of Crow Wing, fifty miles west of St. Anthony, there are also settlements. In that remote region, the process of population and civilization is going on with great rapidity. Less than twenty years, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota will contain two millions of people; and long before that time, new waves of emigration will flow far beyond that, into new wilderness lands. Thus a large part of that population which comes from Europe will be absorbed in prairies and woods untrod by civilization.

GEN. TAYLOR left New Orleans on